

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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HOME, WASH., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1900.

WHOLE NO. 108.

COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

SOCIALISTS and the less advanced social reformers who are chasing the political will-o'-the-wisp, hoping, in the face of all historical experience, to overturn the existing regime by using its own machinery, can derive but meagre comfort from the lethargic indifference manifested by the working class, whose class-conscious action, we are told, alone can and will accomplish their emancipation from the wage slavery imposed by capitalism. The political Socialists persistently ignore the lessons of history, and continue to thrust their heads against the unyielding stone wall of popular ignorance, organized into and represented by the state. The majority is always ultra conservative. Nowhere in human history do we find any real reform or social advance accomplished by the action of the majority. The masses may become discontented with the established order to such a degree as to refuse to defend it, but it is the intelligent few who, by energetic and revolutionary action, have leveled systems and overturned governments and established the new ideas. The average working man does not even realize that he is a slave—cannot so much as comprehend the injustice of the established capitalistic system that stares him in the face a demonstrated fact—how, then, can we expect him to grasp the intricate philosophy of Socialism and class consciousness as yet but a mental conception?

Class conscious?

No. The workingman is as wise as the merchant—far more intellectual than the banker—but he knows nothing of the economic and political significance of his class existence; he is not class conscious in that sense. But, while he is ignorant of its economic aspect, he is decidedly class conscious in another direction. He realizes his subordination to his employer, and, consequently, the general subjection of himself as a class to those who employ labor; and born of this conscious subordination and inferiority appears that spirit of slavish servility and obedience which causes the average laborer to look up to his boss as his superior, and to banish any sentiment of manly independence suggested by an instinctive belief in human equality. It is this kind of class consciousness that makes the workingman submissive and curbs his natural impulse to revolt. He realizes that his class position has subordinated him to the employer class, and while he retains this instinctive class consciousness he will continue to remove his hat in the presence of the boss. He can only change his mental attitude and feeling by ceasing to recognize class distinctions, in other words, by ceasing to be class conscious! The slave will be a slave so long as he feels that he is a slave; he will strike his first blow for freedom the moment he regards himself his master's equal.

The fact is, our Social Democratic friends have humbugged themselves with this idea of class consciousness. Instead of forming the basis of scientific Socialism it is a meaningless catch phrase, a transparent fraud, imposed upon a lot of intellectual goslings by the ex-grand mogul of the S. L. P.—Daniel DeLeon. DeLeon, whose ignorance of facts is only equaled by his aversion to truth, and whose personal organ, the New York People, has been for years a storm-center of general misinformation, has insisted that this doctrine of class consciousness originated with and formed an integral part in the teachings of the fathers of modern Socialism. This is untrue. However, Debs, Harriman, Adams and Wayland are the leaders of American Socialism, and Ely its stuffed prophet, and what any one of them does not know of the writings of St. Simon, Fourier, Proudhon, Marx and Bakounine would fill a good many volumes.

These men are politicians. They inherently believe, no doubt, that they can successfully match the fraud, cunning and trickery of the plutocratic party and defeat them with their own machinery of political organization, but results will prove the foolishness of such mistaken confidence. In the meantime, these champions of Socialism will surely abandon principles for policy, and, in pursuing the phantom of political success, fundamental truths hard to defend before an ignorant public will be cast overboard and forever lost in the political sea; and in the end we will see the political Socialist movement in America follow the road of Populism and all other attempts at social reform through the ballot.

Meanwhile, let Anarchists pursue their course, marked out and clearly defined from the beginning. We have nothing in common with political Socialism. With economic Socialism it is another matter. We have said, and time will prove its truth, that we are the real, the true representatives of historical, scientific Socialism—the Socialism of Fourier, of Proudhon, of Bakounine, yes, and of Marx himself. That Socialism repudiates the political state and presents the industrial society. It is the only revolutionary ideal. Anarchism, when it enters an organized stage, as it must, with clear-cut principles and well-defined plan of action, will present to the world for the first time a certain and perfectly tangible outline of the new revolutionary ideal—scientific, historical socialism. The necessity of the moment is organization. The immediate plan of the Anarchist campaign should be agitation for organization—organization for international, revolutionary and energetic action. The INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST LEAGUE must come into existence. A new enthusiasm is needed. The old red banner must be unfurled by free groups linked together

in free association, having a common purpose, and representing a world movement. Anarchy, the only consistent one of all political organizations, must organize the social revolution. Therein lies its mission. ROSE WINN.

SECTARIAN APPROPRIATIONS.

The New York Truth Seeker has a very unfair way of putting both friends and foes sometimes. Here is a sample from its issue of July 7:

Truth Seeker.—It ought to be possible for Mr. Francis B. Livesey to conduct his war on the public schools without repreaching Freethinkers who do not agree with him.

Livesey.—So many are agreeing with me that I have no occasion to reprobate those who do not. As Socialism spreads the thoughtful Freethinker must decide whether or not he will further aid the public school system which Socialists boast is the stepping-stone to State Socialism.

Truth Seeker.—In the Boston Traveler he prints a letter headed "Pretty Sets of Freethinkers," taking the Truth Seeker to task because a state school of clay working and ceramics was provided for by the last legislature of New York without our protest.

Livesey.—Not at all. I take the Truth Seeker to task for allowing an appropriation of \$15,000 to go for a state school at the Alfred University, Alfred Centre, N. Y., an institution run by the Seventh-Day Baptists. That's the rub.

The bill also called for \$5,000 additional for a year's running expenses. Thus we see the churchmen inaugurated a state school and drew a state appropriation for their university, all with the hope, as they say, of drawing attention to it. If the sum had gone to a merely secular university my contention would not have appeared, but as it was a state school established with state funds in a rampant sectarian institution, a procedure which it was the business of all Freethinkers to prevent.

Truth Seeker.—We do not think Mr. Livesey would be able to show how there is any necessary connection between spreading freethought and fighting secular educational institutions established by the state.

Livesey.—But I show that there is a very intimate connection when appropriations are granted for founding state schools in sect institutions—it is a fragrant commingling of "church and state." When Catholics can rise in protest against appropriations for Protestant institutions in this manner, Freethinkers should certainly do the same. The New York Sun is pro Catholic, and, better late than never, it came out in decided protest against this especial act in a long editorial in its issue of May 13: It said: "The college had its origin in 1836, was chartered in 1857, and is a denominational stronghold of the Seventh-Day Baptist." So we see how the strongholds of the sects are made stronger by appropriations grasped right from under the noses of those whose profession it is to prevent them.

I sent a letter on the subject to the New York Sun and also to the Sun of Alfred Centre, and shortly after received a circular from the institution begging for \$100,000 more. Brazen is not the word. FRANCIS B. LIVESEY.

The note of true liberty is not competition and struggle, but cooperation and justice. The note of true liberty is not self assertion, but social equality and progress. The note of true liberty is not personal success, but the elevation of mankind. The note of true liberty is humanity.—Victor E. Southworth.

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MORE TURNS OF THE CRANK.

To Whom It May Concern: Whereas there have been more or less pertinent—not to say impudent—remarks about my shirt, I wish to say that I am strongly in accord with the remark made by a gentleman (who shall be nameless; he knows himself!) resident at Lakebay, who said recently, upon my meeting him outside the postoffice, "You have forgotten to button your shirt. But there that's all right, or to wear no shirt at all, holding your views!" And that's exactly it; it is not from lapse of memory at all that I do not button my shirt, but simply because, holding my belief in freedom, it is such a relief (to me) to get into a soft shirt with open collar after many years habitation of conventional "biled" shirts and stiff, cut-throat collars in which I "long enough stifled and choked." And be it further understood that this is not in imitation of Walt Whitman, nor of "His Whiskers", and I want it distinctly borne in mind that I do not use the bosom of said shirt as a larder. I am on the bum, but if when calling at your back doors I should chance across any pickles or pancakes on the end of a broom (as a lady once tendered me refreshments) I will deposit them elsewhere.

I am glad that our typographer fully agrees with me that I have as much right to wear the bosom of my shirt open as he has to wear the top of his hat open. Namesake, you look like a saint with a straw halo at times and I nearly caught myself on my marrowbones the other day! I am not surprised that Frisco cabby bid you "the top of the morning, father!" May your placid piety receive its just reward and these "barbarians" here forgive your idiosyncrasies—and mine.

Talk about the Garden of Eden, or the hanging gardens of Babylon, why they are not in it! You ought just to see some of the gardens here. I never saw better, especially some. Adam was the first gardener. Sylvia Allen comes next! Vegetables, fruits and flowers in abundance just over her fence—and you don't have to ask for any either, she just scatters "em permiskus." There are beans here that no Jack around can climb and peavines 10 feet and 7 inches long. "Honest Injun," as Huck Finn would say. Actual measurement. And the peas we have; you certainly ought to taste some; they melt in the mouth, no mastication needed. A body simply ignores Ruth Ashmore's "peas must be eaten with a fork" and boldly follows the advice of Mark Twain, who says: "Do not eat peas with your knife; eat them with a funnel." You don't believe that? Well, I'll not quarrel. Peace be with you.

The immortal Mark—I mean the hu-

morist, of course, not the apostle—says somewhere: "As for principles I glory in having nothing of the kind." Now, I can't say just that; but though I don't go much on "principles" I prefer them to potatoes—especially small ones.

"There is a spirit in these woods," There certainly is, and it'll tangle a man all up if he isn't temperate, as surely as that out of a moonshiner's still. I don't know after all but what a man is safer in Kentucky, now that the Goebel-Taylor row is all over. I believe I'll try it; I never could spell temperate, much less be it.

"The laboring classes are shiftless," I read in a paper the other day. That's so, they are; anybody who'll hand over two-thirds of their produce to a lazy, list'ess, loafing class, like the workers do, are shiftless—some! Will the time never come when we shall say to the capitalists: "Stop! You've had a good deal; you've had about enough; now keep your damned hands off!"

There are several questions that society has to settle, but the paramount one is the sex question; it is the main question and must be settled soon, or it will settle society.

"Two or three angels
Came near to the earth.
They saw a fat church.
Little black streams of people
Came and went in continually,
And the angels were puzzled
To know why the people went thus,
And why they stayed so long within."

That came to me when I suddenly chanced by a Bethel out here in these woods. (No! of course, not in the colony! What next and next!) Why the sight gave me quite a turn; I felt like Balaam's ass must have felt when he saw the flaming sword—or was it a flaming angel? (I forgot, honest; I have got mixed in my scripture history since I have been here—like I have in most other things. This place is enough to mix anybody or anything; I expect to wake up after awhile and find I am not myself!) But to return to our mutons—i. e., our sheep and their shepherd. I am going over to see that flock and its pastor some day soon, even if the church is struck by lightning because I am there. I'll tell you what I think when I get back—if I ever get back—meanwhile I am thinking of John Milton's "Lycidas" and his—

"Blind mouths! That scarce themselves know how to hold a sheephook,
Or have learned aught else that to the faithful herdsman's art belongs.
Of little care they reckoning make than how to shooe away the worthy bidden guest,
And scramble at the shearer's feast;
And when they list, their lean and flashy song grates on their scraffel pipes of wretched straw.
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed, but swoln with wind and the rank mists they draw,
Rot inwardly and foul contagion spread."

Bah! I have a bad taste in my mouth, so spit.

A CRANK.

In human society the liberty of the spider to spin his web must not interfere with the liberty of the fly to pass that way. We must have harmonious and not antagonistic, liberties.—Victor E. Southworth.

THE SPANISH ANARCHISTS.

The meeting arranged by Freedom for the double purpose of welcoming and aiding the Spanish Anarchists, who upon release and expulsion from Barcelona reached London last month, took place at Athenaeum hall on May 26. As the matter was put in hand rather hurriedly owing to a desire that all Spaniards might be present, there being a possibility of their separating in search of work, the proceedings were more or less of an informal character, speeches being interspersed with songs. Comrade P. Campbell acted as chairman.

After reading some kindly-worded letters of regret from Walter Crane, E. Carpenter, Keir Hardie, Cobden Sanderson, T. F. Green and others, expressing their inability to be present, our chairman spoke of the objects of the meeting, and before calling upon the first speaker, Mr. W. M. Thompson, editor of Reynolds' Newspaper, paid a warm tribute to the courage and honesty of all connected with the paper during a course of 50 years devoted to the cause of justice and democracy. Tom Mann followed, forceful as usual, then the well-known comrades Kropotkin, Louise Michel, Marmol, Withington and Kelly, also J. Melich and B. Oller, two of the Spanish comrades, whose spirited words even when not understood aroused a chord of enthusiasm. Mrs. Tochatti and Jenny Atkinson sang for us, as also the Spaniards, whose stirring revolutionary songs, like those of the French, are full of a fire and vim unknown to our unimpassioned English (so-called) revolutionary airs, which do not make the heart beat faster than the sober singing of a Scotch Psalm. Financially, in spite of the hurried arrangements, the meeting was a success, a surplus of between £10 and £12 being handed to Mme. Kropotkin as treasurer of the Spanish fund.

A few details respecting the Montjuich sufferers may not be out of place. Our Spanish comrades are all young men, mostly of fine physique, with the mingled element of melancholy and dignity in their faces that is common to all their race; traces of sickness, induced probably by hard labor at Ceuta under unhealthy conditions, still linger about one or two. Juan Oller, labeled a dangerous and ferocious criminal and maltreated for five days in Montjuich, possesses features pathetic in their gentleness. Vilas, Vitella and Vilaplana were condemned to death, and passed what was to be their last night in the prison chapel. The police swore that Vilaplana was a blacksmith by trade and the actual maker of the bomb that caused so much destruction. But for the frantic efforts of his family he would have been shot; at the last moment they were able to convince the judges that he had never been a smith, but was a foreman weaver; while proof also came to hand that the two condemned to die with him were not metal, but mosaic, workers. The death sentence upon all three was then commuted to 20 years penal servitude. It was said that like true men they had faced death as calmly and collectedly as if it had been sleep. Four others, Sala, Melich, Mesa and Cans, were kept three weeks in a dark cell under daily threats of getting their turn of torture. Death seemed preferable, for it was by torture that the five men who were subsequently shot had been forced to state their par-

ticipation in an act of which they were probably as innocent as the other victims of police fabrications. So one of the four sharpened his wooden spoon with a piece of broken glass—it could pierce his throat if necessary; another prepared a morsel of poisoned meat; a third steeped three boxes of matches in water and drank thereof, but did not die; the fourth intended to throw himself upon the throat of the guard who came to lead him to torture and to hold on till they put a ball through his heart.

Callas, who had his face mutilated by pressure from one of the instruments of torture used in the mediaeval inquisition, still remains in prison. Ten others, six of whom actually sailed for Liverpool but were reshipped by order of their government on pretense that the English authorities refused them admission into England, have been exiled to Tangiers, Mexico or Cuba. It is interesting to know that Marzo, one of the vindictive judges of our comrades, is now dead; in his dying agony he is stated to have repeatedly cried: "It was not I! I am not guilty of torturing the Anarchists!" As for Portas, if any man can curse his existence, he surely does. His name is now a by-word throughout Spain. Wherever he is recognized, cries of indignation, of scorn and anger, are showered upon him. He skulks from town to town like a hunted dog. The moment he seems securely hidden from an outraged public the Spanish press draws attention to the fact. "Where is Portas? Search for Portas!" appears in large type on their editions, until the wretch is again unearthed. He is then pointed out to the people; the restaurants grow empty when he enters them, the hotel keepers request him to leave their houses, the tobacconists and cafes are warned of his approach and are boycotted if they sell him anything. So long as he remains in Spain he will be the despised of all.

This also must be borne in mind: that but for the dogged resolution, the unwearyed and determined efforts of friends and sympathizers with these prisoners of Montjuich, some would now be rotting in the ditch of the fortress and the remainder still suffering penal servitude. The hand of the Spanish government was wrung until the strength of public pressure bore fruit, until the vindictive fingers were forced apart and 22 falsely accused men were released from an unjust fate. We must agitate, agitate, and agitate upon every occasion of governmental usurpation, injustice and oppression, no matter what part of the world is concerned; if it has to be with the rifle, with the rifle; if with the pen, with the pen; but there must be no pause. Friction will wear away the hardest rock, and when governments learn that the people have a fist as well as a tongue, and can use the first to as good purpose as the last, they will think twice before they ride roughshod over liberty and justice, as is their custom in this the heyday of their armed strength.—Freedom, London.

Every form of despotism is degrading. Whatever we do under the impulsion or compulsion of external authorities we do feebly. No action that is not primarily a spontaneous self-determined action can have force and endurance. No action is noble that is not voluntary.—Victor E. Southworth.

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SABIN'S IDEA OF LOVE.

"It is the duty of every American citizen to sustain the hands of our government in meting out speedy and complete punishment to the murderers of our ministers and missionaries, and it is to be sincerely hoped that no American, no matter what his politics may be, will so far forget his patriotism and manhood as to attempt to make political capital out of this great catastrophe; but that we all should with one accord sustain the hands of our president of our country, and assist in the vindication of the honor of our flag and of our people."

Skimming a periodical this morning, that chance thrust into my hands, my eye caught the above quotation. For an instant I thought 'twas merely the premonitory rumbling of the approaching campaign thunder, but suddenly underneath the words there flashed a vivid picture of the cover of said periodical, on which is the form of a woman, girdled with **FREEDOM**, who, resting on the pillar of **TRUTH**, bears a palm branch in her right hand, while her left hand is extended in welcome to a hovering dove carrying in its mouth the inscription **LOVE**; scattered around freely are texts and mottoes, such as "With malice toward none, charity for all;" "God is love;" "God is good;" "God is all in all."

As the mental photograph died away, and the bold and blatant words stood out again, I said: "That's some canting Christian—for a dollar!" It was. I turned the page to look, and underneath the words "In the Spirit of Love, Lovingly," I found the name of Oliver C. Sabin. Who is he? He is the editor and publisher of the "Washington News Letter," which I hereby freely advertise, and state that said editor, his printer, his subscribers, his paper, are endeavoring to help God along and "make the world bow in submission to the name of Jesus the Christ."

Verily, such folk knew not of what spirit they are of; they make God altogether such an one as themselves, and know nothing, absolutely nothing, of the Galilean peasant who has been called the "Prince of Peace," and who gave unto men the commandment "LOVE ONE ANOTHER." Can anyone doubt that what Lessing says (in his "Nathan der Weise") is correct:

'Tis this people's pride
Not to be men but to be Christians. Even
What of humane their founder felt, and
taught.
And left to save their fond superstition,
They value not because it is humane,
Lovely and good for man; they only
prize it.
Because 'twas Christ who taught it,
Christ who did it.
'Tis well for them he was so good a man;
Well that they take his goodness all for
granted,
And in his virtues put their trust. His
virtues—
'Tis not his virtues, but his NAME alone
They wish to thrust upon us—"Tis his
name.
Which they desire should overspread
the world,
Should swallow up the name of all good
men,
And put the best to shame. "Tis his
name, his mere name.
They care for!"

C. H. CHEYSE.

WHAT IS LOVE?

In a recent issue of **DISCONTENT** a contributor asks very imperatively "What is love?" Now, I feel entirely competent to tell him what love is, but I doubt if anyone can express the idea in words

so that he will know therefrom what it is.

Love has to be "experienced" to be fully appreciated and understood. The word love is a literal sign of a very complex idea.

There are many kinds and degrees of love.

The term love as used relative to rational human beings signifies a sensation, a sentiment, a feeling.

One who has experienced a realization of love need not be told what love is. However, I presume this realization varies as to individuals. Because, what was a sensation of love yesterday is wasting today is not evidence that it was not love yesterday.

With me two ideas are always combined in a sensation of love, viz., head and heart, soul and body, mental and physical or spiritual and material, as one may choose to express it.

True, I can conceive of one being "attracted" by mentality alone or by physical development with its possibilities, but with me this attraction would be less than love. That the former should be exalted and the latter degraded seems to me entirely wrong.

A. HENRY TUCKEE.

THE BALE PLAN.

No. 2.

LAND TENURE.

If the individual is to be free from social restraint, and if to be thus free he must assume the responsibility for his own acts, and refrain from placing any burden upon another, it is plain that there must be an entire revolution in our modes of living and doing business. Reform means change. Society cannot be reformed and remain in its present shape. This is why conservatives are alarmed at freedom. Those who oppose freedom are beneficiaries of present conditions. And even sincere reformers are lured to turn back by the fragrant flesh-pots of monopoly and plunder.

Now, the real and highest interests of human beings are never promoted by injustice and oppression. Action and reaction are equal. Every wrong reacts, directly or indirectly, upon the perpetrator. But the people have not learned this truth. The idea that what is acquired by exploitation is clear gain is almost universal. It is an heirloom of the ages, and seems gathering force and power with every generation.

This overwhelming tide cannot be arrested by floating upon its surface and shouting to the waves: "Peace! Be still!" Our only hope is to escape to the shore. The land may seem dreary and desolate, but it is "terra firma," and in time we will make even the wilderness blossom as the rose, and other weary mariners will be attracted to emulate our example. One object lesson will attract more attention than will many wordy exhortations.

But, having abandoned the stormy element and set our feet upon the eternal rocks, how shall we proceed to organize the new life? If the individual is to be free, one will do one way and another will do another way. Some will care nothing for permanent homes and will not draw their sustenance directly from the soil. For the benefit of these a portion of the land will be held in trust, the trustee being virtual propri-

etor, but governed by certain rules in relation to occupancy and employment.

The trustee will furnish apartments for occupancy, either permanent or temporary, by those who for any reason prefer a limited title. Others will be accorded the right to appropriate permanently, and to alienate, limited areas of land, the amount depending upon the whole amount available and the number of persons to be accommodated. Of course, there will be no authority to control the monopoly of land, outside of that the title to which is vested in the trustee; but the spirit of this movement is opposed to withholding land from actual use by those who need it.

Dale, Oklahoma. A. WARREN.

CHAINS.

BY JUNE.

CHAPTER IX.

When Mr. and Mrs. Crawford had finished reading the letter telling of Ida's condition there was no pity, no sorrow, for her, it was all for themselves. "Oh, that we should be so disgraced" had been their plaint. "She was well taught and trained, no one can blame us" they had said. Mrs. Crawford was especially bitter and felt that she could not endure the disgrace, should it become known, and firmly resolved that it should never be told; and so this good orthodox lady told her friends that Ida was traveling and that they did not know when she would be home.

The Crawfords made no efforts to trace Ida, and as no attention was paid to their letter they knew nothing of her whereabouts. The father had loved his child as much as his business cares gave him time and opportunity, and he found his home not very cheerful. Social and church duties filled his wife's time to the exclusion of such common things as making home pleasant, and Mr. Crawford found his thoughts full of Ida. He wondered where she was—if she was in want, and when he found himself saying "she sinned for love, was it a sin?" he was shocked at the suggestion that there was anything that could make it less sinful, but when he said to himself "is there a woman who loves me well enough to brave the scorn of the world?" he felt that it was time to pray "lead us not into temptation." One evening when his wife had been a little more gracious than usual he thought it an auspicious time to speak of Ida, and he said:

"Wife, do you suppose that Ida is

safe? Do you think it possible she may

be in want?"

"Mr. Crawford, we said she was no

child of ours. She is of age, and is no

longer depending on us, so never men-

tion her name again."

That ended the conversation for that time, but he resolved to find Ida and to place such a sum at her disposal as should keep the wolf from the door. He wrote to Miss Gaskell asking her to give him all the information possible regarding Ida.

His letter was promptly answered, telling him of Ida's illhealth and of her departure with Miss Blake, and also gave him the latter's address. Immediately upon receipt of this letter he wrote to Jennie Blake. As she did not know why Mr. Crawford had written she told Ida

nothing of the letter, but replied to it, telling him of Ida's welfare—that she was happy and contented, and said:

"We expect a little stranger next month, and a warm welcome awaits the little one."

Having ascertained that Ida was well, comfortable and contented, Mr. Crawford felt happier. He deposited \$5,000 in the bank for Ida; then he wrote her a kind letter telling her that he was willing to overlook the past and to pardon all, but that her mother was not.

"I love you, Ida, and I want to hear from you; direct to my place of business, never to the house."

Ida wrote to her father telling him of the kind friends who had cared for her and thanking him for his kind interest and for the money, "which I will use for the child."

"There seems to be no shame at all," the father said and felt perplexed that it was so.

James Bryngton had not forgotten Ida, and as weeks and months passed, and no word came from her, he felt relieved. "I get out of it easier than I thought I was going to," he said, but he became uneasy when he ascertained that Ida had not returned home after school, and when he learned from the Crawford coachman that they never heard from her, and that her name was never mentioned, his anxiety grew, for he had loved her in his selfish way, and when he remembered his pleadings, and then when she yielded for love of him, his promises, his manhood cried out "shame."

"But I could not have married her; what would my parents have said, and all my friends? I tell you it is hard on a fellow."

He did not realize how hard it was for the girl.

"Well, I did all and more than many fellows would have done, for I offered to pay all expenses."

And so he soothed his conscience. He did not know that love could not be bought or sold, that in no way could it be bartered. Neither did he know that a true woman would scorn to touch a cent that was given in pay for the expression of love. And so he left Ida to bear the burden alone, though not without some uneasiness of mind, and as the time of her trial approached he often thought of her and wished he knew where she was and what she was doing. Once the thought came that she might have taken to a life of shame, but he would not harbor the thought, it was too painful. "She would not do that; she is too good a girl to set a price upon herself." Yes, and in that she ranks far ahead of you. The thought that she might make merchandise of her body is unbearable to you, and yet that is what you asked of her when you promised "to bear all the expenses."

The teachings of church and state are accountable for all this wretched system, and yet we bow down to it. We dare not be ourselves or be happy if in the gaining of our happiness we find it necessary to do anything forbidden by Grundy. The majority of humanity are starving mentally, spiritually and physically for the satisfying association of congenial companions. There is very little real companionship in the world, and very much of the sickness and ailments of the people is caused by this lack. We cannot thrive if we are not properly fed; we

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must have mental food in order to grow mentally; there must be something beside the physical attraction to feed love; if nothing is needed aside from the physical, then we are little, if any, above the animals. There is something in the association of kindred minds that adds to the pleasure of the physical and keeps it from losing its ardor, and that it is a part of love, and not the least part, anyone who has given the subject any thought at all will grant. The love passion has played the greatest tragedy, the greatest drama and the greatest comedy in the world. There is little accomplished that has not love for the basis of the effort. Life would not be worth the living if love was left out. Heaven without love, hell with love, who would not choose the latter?

"Ah, man is man, and maid is maid, Sweet echoes by each other weighed; Soft eyes will smile, red lips will cling, 'Till Death his last scythe stroke shall swing.

The wild fowl wedge through northern skies,
In Indian glades the tiger sighs,
The siroc whirls the desert sands,
Love touches all, all climes, all lands."

(To be continued.)

NOTE AND COMMENT.

I hope the Home folks wont forget the congress in Paris, and that they will try and give us a sketch of what is, and what's to come. It is an opportunity not to be wasted. Comrade Holmes will compile the work, and I offer my services for any old thing in connection with the work.

It seems strange that altho' the sage of Aurora wrote the "Message to Garcia" over a year ago that only now it is creating a panicky feeling among the Rowans of the working class. Such a piece of barbarism, but a man who charges a dollar to hear him talk on East Aurora has little to say that we plebes want to hear. I sat in the convention hall here during the Democratic convention with Hubbard and we talked on things, but mostly crowned things; he had nothing much to say on the awful slavery of the masses, but talked fluently on his ancestry, of which he is proud. His is a fad; he dangles the worker, because the worker hopes for better, which will never come.

I am weary of these little magazines like the Goose Quill, the Shop Book and the Philistine. They spend in a cloud and to the cloud. None of them really do good. They cater to the vanity of the "better" classes, and as Hubbard said to me when I asked him why don't you come out flatfooted for the oppressed and poor, "Why, Miss Brukk, they have nothing for me." Too true, we haven't, nor he for us. Cowardice is not even excusable in a man like Hubbard.

I'd like to hear from this Ettie P., who had such a plea in *DISCONTENT* recently for justice and also tried to uphold the cause of injustice. I think I might say a few pointed things to her to wake her up. She has possibilities, and I like people with them.

Denver, Colo. BERT F. BRUUK.

RECEIPTS.

Kinghorn-Jones \$1, Vangampheere 50c.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Bertha and Edna Stocker visted the family of J. W. Adams last week.

We do not care to have any persons come here to live who are not Anarchists.

Our literary evenings are growing in popularity. For the last three or four weeks they have been well attended. Music, readings and recitations, etc., form the usual program, but we have good talent, and plenty of it.

On Sunday afternoon the members of the community were invited to a reception given to Mrs. O. M. Washburn, of San Francisco, at the home of J. W. Adams. The company were regaled with music by George H. Allen and Kate Cheyse and by the recital of spiritualistic experiences of a number of those present. We trust to have another visit from her in the near future.

Tuesday, the 31st ult, was the occasion of an exceedingly pleasant gathering at the home of James W. and Mary J. Adams and their daughter, Fannie Minor. It was in honor of Mrs. Adams' 68th birthday, and it was a happy sight to see her, in their comfortable new home, surrounded by three, out of four, of her own children and five of her grandchildren. At noon an enjoyable dinner was served, to which the assembled guests did ample justice. In general converse, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, the afternoon hours were whiled away in careless fashion, and at the time of departure each guest hoped to be present at the next anniversary—of which may there yet be many.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson bay known locally as Joes bay, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 83 people here—23 men, 19 women and 41 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so.

HIS VOTE.

"Well, suh" said the old time colored voter, "de ways er de canderdate is past findin' out. All de year I have been like one cryin' in de wilderness 'en no man 'spon ter my cry. I holler for bread, and dey give me a Belgian block en 30 days. En now look at 'em! 'Leckshun times come on, en bless God if dey ain't pay my house rent, took de mortgage off my mule, settle my street tax en gimme enough ole cloz ter go ter preachin'. En all I got ter my name is one vote en der rheumatism?"—Atlanta Constitution.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock every day except Tuesday and Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a. m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

The Educational Club (Boston) meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. at 45 Eliot street. Free discussion.

AGENTS FOR DISCONTENT.

San Francisco—L. Nylen, 700 Sunny-side ave.

Honolulu—A. Klemencic, Alakea st.

OUR WORSHIP OF

PRIMITIVE SOCIAL GUESSES

BY EDWIN C. WALKER.

No man is wise enough to foresee the secondary results of any proposed restriction, and no history is copious enough to record the evils that have ensued upon denials of liberty.—George E. Macdonald.

CONTENTS:

Love and the Law; The Meloch of the Monogamic Ideal; The Continuity of Race-Life, and Tyranny; Food and Sex Fallacies, a criticism; When Men and Women Are and When They Are Not Varietists; The New Woman: what is she? what will she be? The State Hiding Behind Its Mistakes; Bishop Potter's Opinion of Divorce; Love: Its Attractions and Expression; Is She an Honest Girl? Lloyd, Platt, and the Pitiful Facts; Social Radicals and Parentage.

Appendix: Anthropology and Monogamy; Love and Trust versus Fear; Reflections upon Reading William Platt's "Women, Love, and Life."

Price, 15 cents. For sale by DISCONTENT.

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BY GRANT ALLEN.

Grant Allen needs no introduction to reading, thinking men and women. Man of science, a writer of charming expository and imaginative prose, he was, perhaps, at his best when bravely leading on, as in this brilliant brochure, in the fight against degrading religious and moral superstitions and time-sacred wrongs. No brief description can tell you what this splendid little work embraces, no short excerpts can satisfy you. Price 5 cents.

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FREE SOCIETY, an advocate of Anarchist Communism. 50 cents a year. 236 Clinton Park, San Francisco, Calif.

SEND 10 CENTS for specimens of 10 liberal papers and 10 tracts, circulars and sample of stocking yarn, or 3 cents for a copy of "Little Freethinker." Elmina Drake Slenker, Snowville, Va.

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is not in magic potions, "specificks" or electric clap-trap, but only in WISDOM—THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH. Wise men study nature, shun disease, learn to maintain vigor and regain by reading the most complete book of Medical, Social, Sexual Science, by an eminent physician of 35 years experience. The "old, original, standard" work endorsed by all, imitated by many, equalled by none, inspired by wish to aid humanity, it has providentially saved thousands. Its essays on marriage, parentage, adaptation, marital failures, etc., are of inestimable value to all now married or who ever expect to be. The last edition has 1,000 pages, 3 colored charts of vital organs, 200 wood cuts, 21 chromos showing origin of life—development of man. APPENDIX has over 200 Recipes. Only \$1.50 by Mail; Circulars Free.

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A PHYSICIAN IN THE HOUSE !

A NEW FAMILY MEDICAL WORK.

BY DR. J. H. GREER.

This book is up to date in every particular. It will save you HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS in doctor's bills. It tells you how to CURE YOURSELF by simple and harmless HOME remedies. It recommends NO POISONOUS OR DANGEROUS DRUGS. It teaches simple COMMON SENSE METHODS in accordance with Nature's laws. It does NOT indorse DANGEROUS EXPERIMENTS with the surgeon's KNIFE. It teaches how to save HEALTH and LIFE by safe methods. It is entirely free from TECHNICAL RUBBISH. It teaches PREVENTION—that it is better to know how to LIVE and AVOID DISEASE than to take any medicine as a cure. It teaches how typhoid and other fevers can be both PREVENTED and CURED. It gives the best known treatment for LA GRIPPE, DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH, CONSUMPTION, APPENDICITIS, and every other disease. It is the best medical book for the home yet produced. It is not an ADVERTISEMENT and has no MEDICINE to sell. It tells you how to live that you may PROLONG LIFE. It opposes medical fads of all kinds and makes uncompromising WAR ON VACCINATION and the use of ANTITOXINE. It has hundreds of excellent recipes for the cure of various diseases. It has 16 COLORED PLATES, showing different parts of the human body. The chapter on PAINLESS MIDWIFERY is worth its weight in gold to women. It has a large number of valuable illustrations. The "CARE OF CHILDREN" is something every mother ought to read. It teaches the value of AIR, SUNSHINE and WATER as medicines. It contains valuable INFORMATION for the MARRIED. It advises people with regard to marriage—tells who should and who should not marry. Those CONTEMPLATING MARRIAGE should get this book at once. This book has 800 pages, is neatly bound in cloth and will be sent to any address for \$2.75.

ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1893, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased:

First: To person named in will or bequest.

Second: Wife or husband.

Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.
This is to certify that _____ has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of the Mutual Home Association the sum of _____ dollars, which entitles _____ to the use and occupancy for life of lot _____ block _____, as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.